

THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOLUME I.

THE EXAMINER;
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MISSIONS TO SLAVES.

Mr. LEVIN made a speech last week in the House of Representatives on the Catholic Question. Mr. C. J. INGERSOLL replied. We copy the Era's account:

He referred to the article of amendments to the Constitution, prohibiting any law for the establishment of religion—quoted from an address of the Catholics of the United States to General Washington—mentioned the appointment of a Catholic to the Chief Judgeship of the Supreme Bench—and deprecated the attempt of his colleague to bring into this House a religious excommunicate.

"I understand that out of the 328 members of the House 228 are protestants. There are two Catholics in the House. We are a Protestant Congress, representing a Protestant community. I, therefore, think it prudent and wise—and I have disciplined my own feelings to that standard—to avoid the excitement which subjects of this kind are so apt to create."

He vindicated the Jesuits against the attacks of Mr. Rockhill, and the House, and with the corruption of which he was connected with the corruption of some Protestant Bishops.

In reply to the objection that we had no commercial relations with the Pope, he stated that he had lately recommended a commercial league of the Italian States. Mr. L. mentioned several facts showing the probability of the growth of a valuable commerce between this country and the Papal States, and he appealed especially to Southern men interested in the culture of cotton, sugar, and tobacco.

There is the South! And the South, too, in a dollar and cent view! "Come to my help—sustain me—and I will sell you cotton, sugar, and tobacco." But Mr. Levin was "up to snuff." He was not to be outwitted after this fashion. He admitted all that was said about the Constitution; but the States might, and the Pope, and O'Connell—terrible men! meant to establish the Catholic religion in them. And he, too, appealed to the South. But to their fears! prejudices! passions! He could tell it that the new mission to Rome was to be made the basis of one to Hayti: We give what he says about the design of O'Connell and the Pope—

"In 1843, when the Pope issued his encyclical letter against slavery, and Daniel O'Connell published his manifesto calling upon the Irish Catholics of the United States to carry out the intentions of the Pope at the ballot-box, (for you must take them in connection as calling together the forces of the South and the North, the influential and wealthy Roman Catholics for the purpose of forming an association, having for its avowed object the overthrow of Protestant rights and Protestant freedom in the United States. A circular or pamphlet was prepared which was distinctly and judiciously distributed; and in that circular we find the same ground assumed which has been taken upon the floor of this little Congress from the 4th Congressional district—Cuba has no power to legislate upon the subject of religion. But in the circular they proclaimed the fact—saying it was they understood this subject well—that the States may change the fundamental law, and make the Roman Catholic religion the established religion of the State! This, sir, in itself explains the secret of this extraordinary flood of Roman Catholic population now pouring into our country. And here sir, somewhat extraneous to the matter, the Ecclesiastic in Europe have never directly or indirectly attempted to interpose the slightest check to that great immigration which yearly transfers so many thousands from their dominion! I put it to the common sense of every man, whether it is at all likely that the transferance to our shores of such multitudes of the followers of the Pope was to be looked upon without alarm or regret; if the subtle policy of the Romish Pontiff has not, in his own assurance that the result would in no wise impair strength or endanger his dominion! The documents to which I allude was obtained with some difficulty by a gentleman—a citizen of this country, who was then in London. It was handed by him to a distinguished Senator of the United States, (Mr. Westcott), by whom it was placed in the hands of Mr. Buchanan, the Secretary of State. Far be it from me to charge the Secretary of State with the secret of that document. But it has been lost or mislaid; and, as it is the only copy of which I have heard, I hope that it may yet have an opportunity of laying it before the country."

Mr. DICKET, of Pennsylvania, opposed the motion and was afraid of Catholic influence.

Mr. BROWN.—His colleague (Mr. Levin) had asked, whenever the Catholics got control of all the States, what security we would have against the establishing the Catholic religion? There was no old saying, "when the sky falls, we will catch larks." But to the history of the Baptists, of the Presbyterians, (of whom he was a very humble member), and of other Protestant sects, had not they persecuted each other? Had not the Presbyterians persecuted the Dissenters? Had not the Presbyterians, on our own free soil, among the Indians of Massachusetts, persecuted those who disagreed from them? He said, then, what security have we, if any religion should succeed in obtaining the controlling power in our land, that its friends will not establish it as the law of the land, and persecute all other creeds? The sects were the spirit of resistance to oppression, which was now spreading in Italy, which had spread all over the United States, and which, he trusted, would be diffused all over the world; the spirit that causes men to prefer to suffer death rather than be transmuted by religious despotism. Another security was, that in the progress of mind and conflicts of opinion, no one religion could acquire sufficient strength to override all others?

The previous question was now moved; the House refused to reconsider, and the bill was passed—yea 137, nays 15.

This debate occurred in the House March 18.

The Fight and the End on't.

A fight in the House of Representatives at Washington! That is rather a novel affair—ought not the particulars to be chronicled?

Georgia claims one of the champions, Mr. HARTRALDON—Tennessee the other, Mr. G. W. Jones.

The fight over, the parties shook hands—but the question was, should not the dignity of the House be vindicated? Speeches were made. But the House was in a merry mood, and some of the speakers were merry, too—if not witty, at least the source of wit in others. We quote from his letter to Monarchs:

"My grief is increased by the conviction I entertain of the great moral responsibility resting on me, on account of my having been the person who made the greatest efforts to elevate your Excellency to the Presidency. You were not according to their notions and habits, nor so prudent, nor so calculating, as to make them take you. I, however, have no complaint to make on this account; but I must assure your Excellency that, could I have had the least influence in your policy, I never would have advised you to cease to respect the sovereignty of the people, nor to evade the judgment to which public opinion summoned you. I, however, could make them see, it was necessary to strain the body of militia that attacked Congress, rather than have influenced them to show themselves indifferent to the atrocious and unheard-of crime. The people of Caracas, and that virtuous people, notwithstanding the excitement

here-to-day? Not a whit of it. They had acted more nobly under an infirmity caused to all by the want of a sufficient supply of water. They would do those things now, and then, and men could enact no laws that would prevent them. And they did not think hard of such little occurrences. They meant no harm by it. They often got into a little scratch; but it was forgotten in a moment.

Mr. ROCKHILL.—This is the first time I have felt like saying a word to this House, and this is the first word I have said, except ay or nay, to the House. I am not in a position to know what has happened here. A gentleman from New York over the way, Mr. Duer, is for the House taking some action to prevent the recurrence of such things for the future. He never will prevent them. If he would put a stop to them, he must first put a stop to the human family. [A laugh.] I never struck but one man in my life; yet sometimes, when I am in the best and most quiet part of the world, before you can say Jack Robinson, I am struck by some man, or men, and double, both first. [Innumerable laughter.] I see no propriety in expelling men for such a thing as has happened to-day; all the wish I have on the subject is, that when scuffles do occur, they may all terminate just as this has done. Why expel men when they have nobly come forward and asked forgiveness of the House and of each other?

If you appoint a committee, you may have many witnesses, and not two men, without giving facts. Mr. Rockhill said he was for some such rule as was talked about might be adopted. [Renewed merriment.] I have no fear of ever being expelled for such doing myself, and yet I may. Therefore, I do not want any such rule adopted.

Mr. Duer was right. One example manfully made would stop all such scenes, and make even Mr. Rockhill think before he said Jack Robinson, and after it, too. But then, Harrington and Jones were such clever fellows—had apologized so handsomely to the House—had shaken hands in such a hearty manner—that the House satisfied its dignity, and settled the difficulty by passing the following resolution.

"Resolved, That said apology be accepted by the House, and that no further proceedings be taken in relation thereto."

All this occurred on March the 10th, the members of the House, doubtless joining in Mr. Rockhill's wish, "when scuffles occur may all terminate just as this has done."

Giuliano.

One who knew well, and opposed him hotly; thus describes this fallen man, and himself:

"Definitely, what is M. Guizot?" He is, above all, a man for power and government, and at the same time the most independent of men, submitting to the yoke of the principles which he has laid down as his rule of conduct, and holding his head high as to the question of persons; a policy of great value estimating all that is worthy of esteem; more convinced than enthusiastic of the propriety of the application of his principles to the conduct of the state, in the attitude, endowed with the sense of everything resembling disorder, and capable, if things came to the worst, of throwing himself without hesitation into despotism which he detests, rather than accept the anarchy which he abhors."

"In 1830 M. Guizot was a simple deputé."

"A revolution party, which he met at the house of M. Cossini. Persecuted by the king, he fled to the United States, and there he met Jack Robinson, and after it, too. But then, Harrington and Jones were such clever fellows—had apologized so handsomely to the House—had shaken hands in such a hearty manner—that the House satisfied its dignity, and settled the difficulty by passing the following resolution.

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THE EXAMINER.

J. C. VAUGHAN, EDITOR.
F. C. CORY, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

LOUISVILLE: APRIL 8, 1848.

Mr. McCloskey's Address.

We hope this address will be read. Mr. McCloskey has spoken ably, and we desire him to be heard. The best way to learn the truth will be, to hear all sides—the surest way, certainly, to do it, is to consider honestly what is said with regard to it.

A friend, who admires the orator, says, he means to assail him theory! Another, who thinks him only to love him, will admit his main facts, and deny his conclusions! So be it. Let us hear all—consider all—and then we will hold fast to the right.

We begin the address on our first page, this week's issue.

Rev. James M. Pendleton.

We have no minister in Kentucky who is more respected than this fearless Christian man, not one who is doing, in his sphere, more good. Wherever a word may be uttered in behalf of humanity, there we are sure to hear his eloquent voice, or feel his earnest fire. We have before us now, an able sermon of his on the sinfulness of war, and shall endeavor next week to publish parts of it. We desire to make our readers familiar with the good thoughts of this good man.

Good Prospects.

We are glad to see so many small manufacturing establishments springing up in our city. These are the things we want. Let us encourage them! Let our married men help them along! Nothing helps to build up a city so much as small traders, and small manufacturers!

France and Freedom.

There is no neutrality in the new Republic as to its duty. Freedom for all is its motto. Listen to the brief proclamation of the Provisional Government:

"The Provisional Government of the Republic, considering that no French land should enter our slaves, decrees—a commission is constituted, under the Provisional Minister of Colonies and the Marine, for the immediate emancipation of the slaves in all the Colonies of the Republic."

This decree will awake but one sensation of joy throughout the world. It shews the men of the Revolution to be in earnest, and will make all Governments tremble.

The Hour is!

We desire to impress this truth upon the friends of emancipation in Kentucky—that if they will only work in earnest, they can carry the day.

Letters from the interior are full of encouragement; letters, not to us alone, but to various citizens. From one and from all, with one or two exceptions, we hear the same account—that all the signs are propitious, that slave-holders are beginning to realize that slavery will not pay, and that all classes are getting ready for emancipation. Let us peep into a few of these letters:

"There are many signs of progress of the emancipation feeling among our people. Let me give you some items which will go to show the fact."

"At our Court, a few days since, the Sheriff offered for sale a mother and children, the woman was first put upon the block; the bystanders urged him, 'the Sheriff,' to sell them all together. I was not present, but was told that the company manifested quite a desire that the mother and her children should go together."

"Now many people affer off, say, what does this amount to? A good deal, friend—more, much more than meets the eye. When sales of this character are made without exciting right feeling—the very kind of feeling described by our correspondent—there is no hope for emancipation. When they touch the right chord, there is not only hope, but a certainty of freedom being guaranteed to all. But who exhibits the feeling? Politicians, slave-holders, freemen! We know what 'company' an assembly gathers—inevitably the exhibitions of such a company is a true representation of the feelings and purposes of the whole community. Our correspondent continues:

"Col. *****, a prominent politician and decided pro-slavery man in feeling and practice, remarked to the company, 'that such setations ought not to prevail in this country; when we have a new Constitution it should be done.' Now two years ago this gentleman would have thought it a good act for slavery men to have lynched certain anti-slavery men hereabouts. Yet he told me in the winter, that he would sign a petition to the Legislature to prohibit the separation of slave families!"

Let us pause here. The Col. would sign a petition for this great object. So would thousands of slave-holders. Now what is to prevent the friends of humanity, in every county of the State, getting up petitions of this character, and sending them to the Legislature next winter? Hear our correspondent:

"If this spirit increases here till Fall, as it has done for sometime past, we could procure, I think, 500 voters to sign a petition for the purpose aforesaid; and it does seem to me that if there could be concert of all the slaves in the State, it would be a new Constitution it should be done. Now two years ago this gentleman would have thought it a good act for slavery men to have lynched certain anti-slavery men hereabouts. Yet he told me in the winter, that he would sign a petition to the Legislature to prohibit the separation of slave families!"

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Who can gainsay this heart-squeezing?

Who deny its conclusions? Appeal thus to the strongest pro-slavery man, and he will not, he cannot refuse to sign your petition. Go forth among our citizens and speak to them in this vein, and few will have the heart to refuse. Aye, let the anti-slavery men appeal to all in this way, and for this end, and next winter we shall flood the General Assembly with our petitions."

Let us listen again:

"On you have a subscriber in *****, a man of wealth and influence, who I am told, is of opinion that if the *slavery question* is *properly presented* to the people of Kentucky, that there will be as great a majority for emancipation, as there was last August for a Convention; he comes to this conclusion from the fact, he says, that almost all the slave-holders of his county, believe we would be in a better condition with out slaves; that idea, I may say, almost universal with our slave owners, or at least among very general here."

If the anti-slavery cause be properly presented?

"Is there danger here? Not a bit of it. We hear a good deal said of caution, prudence, tact.

The observance of one rule will gain these with out study, or thought, or worse yet, calculation, and at the same time, ward off all danger—viz: avoid that timidity which would conceal or blurt the truth, and yet speak it kindly, in affection and earnestness. Where is the man that can get angry when approached in this temper? Where the people, at all alive to the evils of slavery, who would tolerate violence when this course is pursued?

We know that slave-holders everywhere—not only in *****, but in nearly all our counties, are rapidly coming to the conclusion, that slavery does not pay, that they would be in a better condition without it. We know, too, although they will not acknowledge it, that nobler and truer views, views of right, duty, views which relate to religion, and humanity, are operating, strongly and generally upon them. Is it strange, then, that the strong-minded, and

right-hearted citizens of *****, should conclude, if the slavery question be properly presented, that a large majority will be for emancipation? Not at all! The wonder is, that the decision is not thundered forth in one voice by all classes! Why, even on the ground assumed by *****, that slavery does not pay, how clear and conclusive the proof! Take a simple presentation, made by an intelligent Kentuckian, (from whom we hope to hear often) in last week's Examiner, in a contrast made between Ohio and Kentucky, thus:

Total Reality of Ohio, value..... \$26,798,720 Total Reality and Personality of Ky., value..... 251,761,185 Excess of Reality of Ohio, over Reality and Personality of Ky..... \$72,082,547

And now for the cause! It is all told in the following table:

Total value of slaves in Ky..... \$86,115,889 In Ohio..... 50,000,000 Difference in favor of Ky..... \$36,115,889

This difference creates the whole disparity between the States, makes Kentucky halt, and Ohio go ahead, leaves us in the back-ground every way—in the growth of cities, in the value of lands, in public improvements, in public schools. And who wants this? Whose interest is it to have this? Slave-holders are directly, deeply concerned in removing the cause of this difference, and we believe, a very large number of them will do it, by helping, at the proper time, all who are struggling for emancipation.

The Law King.

The Press gives the following as an extract from a Havre letter:

"M. le Roi, one of my friends, was present on the embarkation of the ex-King in a fishing-boat on Thursday last. When the point of quitting the French soil, Louis Philippe turned toward R— and said, 'Join the Republic frankly and sincerely, for I carry with me the French Monarchy, and I shall descend with it to the tomb. I have been the last King of France.' Adieu!"

The Crescent City.

This is the name of a new daily in New Orleans. It is fresh in looks, and contains evidence of industry and talent. It is not too much to say, that it will compare favorably with any of the Dailies published in New Orleans. Indeed, we predict for this Journal, entire success, if it have (as we doubt not it has) the wherewithal to sustain itself, while establishing its reputation. We heartily wish the Crescent City success.

How they Grow!

Madison, Indiana, is growing rapidly! Only think of it! It numbers now 8,000 souls—showing an increase in two years of two thousand!

Madison is situated between two large cities—Louisville and Cincinnati. Yet, with the energy characteristic of the free States, she builds a railroad, and builds flouring mills, and manufacturing establishments, and the result is growth, rapid and permanent growth.

The Youthful Voice.

A fair young friend, full of girlish glee, wishes to try her hand in poetic effort. She is welcome! We rejoice to see the youthful spirit in harmony with nature, and as it listens to the glorious music of Spring, seeking to lisp its sympathy in numbers. It is April now. But May, merry May, is near by, and it is not strange that our sweet correspondents should anticipate its coming, with its flower-crowns for favorites, and its revelry in fields, where the young gather to give it joyous welcome. Here is the song:

"The earth with joy is now awaking From the dreary winter's sleep; Spring is like the bright day breaking! Nature's heart begins to leap:

Now the birds with merry voices Warble through sunny hours, And the very plant rejoices, Sending forth its song in flowers.

The sky with loving glances Laughs upon us from above— Through the mead the streamlet dances Sending back its looks of love.

On the green lawns are bounding All about their gambols play, While their voices are resounding Welcome! welcome! merry May!

Louisiana.

Louisiana, according to a new statistical population just issued in New Orleans, contains a population as follows:

White Males.....	102,391
White Females.....	91,039—196,430
Free colored Males.....	8,930
Free colored Females.....	10,912—19,842
Male slaves.....	109,400
Female slaves.....	102,083—211,483
Total.....	427,755

What is the white population of New Orleans? Nearly a third, according to this, of the whole State!

Pinckney and Theo. Addis Emmett.

The Knickerbocker has the following anecdote of the two eminent persons named above. Where sarcasm, invective and severity of denunciation are regarded as the characteristics of eloquence, the lesson which the subjoined narrative conveys may operate as a useful corrective:

"We do not know when we have encountered a more forcible exemplification of the truth, that a soft answer turneth away wrath, than in the speech of Mr. Pinckney, before the committee on the Supreme Court of the U. States, the eloquent Irish exile, Mr. Emmett, and the distinguished orator, Mr. Pinckney, were on opposite sides, in an important cause, and one in which the latter had much at heart. In the course of his argument he traveled out of the cause to make observations, personal and extremely offensive on Mr. Emmett, with a view of eliciting a reply, which he did not receive. Mr. Emmett sat quiet and endures it all, so as to have sharpened his intellect, without having irritated his temper. When the argument was through, he said, 'perhaps he ought to notice the remarks of the opposite counsel, but he had the good fortune to have little experience, and one in which he never delighted.' He then withdrew, and was about to leave the hall, when he took to his promise himself from the display of talents in this way. When he came to this country he was a stranger, and was happy to say that from the bar generally, and the court universally, he had experienced nothing but politeness, and even kindness. He believed the court would do him the justice to say, that he had done or done nothing which cause to merit a different treatment. He had, however, determined to admire and even reverence the learning and eloquence of the opposite counsel, but he had the good fortune to have little experience, and one in which he never delighted. He then withdrew, and was about to leave the hall, when he took to his promise himself from the display of talents in this way. When he came to this country he was a stranger, and was happy to say that from the bar generally, and the court universally, he had experienced nothing but politeness, and even kindness. 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LITERARY EXAMINER.

For the Examiner.

The following lines were written on reading the Poem, "The Wants of Man," by the Hon. John Quincy Adams, when it was first published. They may be of interest to you, light, and if the Editor of the Examiner chooses to give them a place in his interesting and valuable paper, they are at his service.

March 21st, 1848. F. W. H.

"I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind;
And to be thought in future days,
The friend of human kind:
That after-ages as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim,
In choral union to the skies,
These blessings on my name."

J. Q. ADAMS.

Thou, patriot, pure and uncorrupt:
In a degenerate age,
This wish, at least, shall be fulfill'd:
For bright on history's page,
In glorious companionship
With those who lov'd their race,
And sought its highest happiness,
They shall have a place.

Give to the miser gauds and gold!
Wine to the bacchans;
For pleasure's giddy votary,
Light, airy, and gay!
Let him who toils for gain and power,
Achieve his loftiest aim;
What are they all, when weigh'd against
They bright untaught'd fame?"

I look fair down the stream of time,
Our land, the young, the free,
Hath long been cover'd with the moss
Of hour antiquity.

No deep, dark forest waves in pride
Through all the wide domain,
But crowded cities skirt the hills.
And fill the laughing plain.

And hurrying on with eager step,
The thronging millions pass,
Fleeting as shadows o'er the sun,
Or drew drops on the grass:

Over all the boundless continent
Like leaves in autumn shed,
The wise, the great are laid to rest
With the forgotten dead.

And many a name that once was borne
On fame's loud trumpet afar,
Comes dimly up, as from a cloud
Beams forth, a star.

Encircles it around;
With double immortality
The virtuous life is crown'd.

BRUNSWICK.

On coming out of the old church, I looked at the knightly epitaphs in the walls, and the ancient buildings that lay round about in the streets. The old senate-house was transformed into a wine-cellars, though it still stood in all its Gothic reverence, with the large stone balcony, and between every pillar was a princely knight, with his consort, carved in stone, of a natural size.

In a remote corner of the city, near one of the gates, there is a large and beautiful garden, belonging to a merchant. It is open to the public; and on the facade of the house stands, "Salvus Hosper." Here was a forest of exotic flowers, and fruit-trees, which, planted in large tubs, stood round about the house. All was flower and fragrance. From a place in the garden, which led to an arm of the river Oker, we had one of the sweetest landscapes imaginable. It was a bleaching ground—a large meadow, full of yellow flowers. At some distance lay several villas, between the beeches and tall poplars; and, in the distant horizon, the Hartz with the Brocken, which, like a grey storm-cloud, rose up between the other sunlit mountains: it was a finished picture! In the mountains themselves we have background, without foreground; and in the plains, it is the contrary—foreground enough, but no background; here were both, and as finely distributed as one could wish. I saw a young painter sketching the clouds and airy part of the picture. People walked past, without noticing him. And so near the city! He should have been at Copenhagen. I remember one of our most famous landscape-painters once told me, that he one evening took a walk along the banks of the Peblinge lake, in order to study the appearance of the sky. Delighted with its beautiful reflection on the surface of the water, he stood and looked into it; when a crowd soon collected about him, and all asked, "Is any one drowned?"

"I walked past Heinrich Love's old castle, by moonlight; the large copper lion stood quietly on its pedestal, and looked into the castle on the new generation, which, in soldiers' uniforms, peeped out of all the windows.

On the third day after my arrival, I left Brunswick, by the "Schnellpost," and fell into company with two young lieutenants, who travelled incognito, as majors; they directly made me a professor, and, it costs nothing by way of tax for the title, I submitted to it with Christian patience. We had, besides, a servant-maid of about forty years of age, who was to meet the family at Goslar; and an old original school-master, with whom we must try to be better acquainted. The woman was of a character between the melancholy and the sanguine; she was in tears every moment, because just on that day, the great annual target shooting was to take place in Brunswick, which she had so great a desire to be present at; but it was the third year she had been obliged to travel on this very day.

I parted company with all my fellow-travellers except the school-master, at the first station; we were now placed in a less carriage, where there was only room for four persons; the hearts thus came corporally nearer, and I had now but one figure to occupy myself with. He was a man of about sixty years of age; a little slender being, with lively eyes, and a black velvet skull cap on his head. He was the express image of Jean Paul's *schulmeisterin*, Wuz, from Aventhal. My schoolmaster was from a little Hanoverian town; and was going to visit an old friend in Goslar, with whom he would, like myself, ascend the mountains for the first time. He was one of those happy beings whose contentment allies itself with fancy, and twines flowers around every stub; for whom the narrow room extends itself to a fairy palace; and which can suck honey from the least promising flower. With almost childish pride, he told me about his little town, to which he was the world's centre; it had also increased in cultivation in latter times, and had a private theatre.

"Yes," said he, "you shall see it! There is no one would ever think of it having been a stable before! The stalls are painted with violins and flutes, by our old painter; and the music itself, yes if that, it is really good, for such a small town—two violins, a clarionet and a great drum they play very nicely."

"I know not really how it can be, but music goes strangely into the heart, and I can well imagine how it must be with the little angels in heaven. But with us, now, we don't pretend to those hocus pocuses and tra-la-la's, which they have in Brunswick and Berlin. No, our old son, who is the leader, gives us a good honest Polish tune, and a Molinsky between the acts; our women join in with them, and we old fellows beat time on the floor with our sticks; it is a real pleasure!"

"And how of the acting?" I asked.

"Charming! for, you must know, in order that those who perform may have courage to appear before us, they are gradually accustomed to it at the rehearsals; and at the general rehearsal every house must send two servants, that the benches may be filled, and that they who perform may have courage."

"It must indeed be a great pleasure—" "A pleasure?" interrupted he, "yes, in our hearts' simplicity we all amuse ourselves, and don't envy them in Berlin. But we have also splendid scenery, machinery, drop-curtains, and performances. On the first drop-scene we have the town fire-engine, and the jet stands just as in nature. But they are altogether painted—beautifully painted. The drop-scene representing the street is the finest; there we have our town-market, and it is so distinct, that every one can see his own house, play whatever piece they may. The worst thing we have, is the little iron chandelier; the candles drip so terribly, that if there be ever so many persons present there is always a large space under the chandelier. Another fault, for I am not the man to praise everything, another fault is, that many of our women when they act, and happen to know any one on the seats, directly giggle and nod to them. But, goodness gracious, the whole is only pleasure!"

"But when there are no performances in the winter, it must be very quiet in your little town; the long evenings—"

"Oh, they go on quite delightfully. My wife, both the children, and the servant girl, sit down to spin; and when all the four wheels are going, I read aloud to them; so the work goes on easier, and the time flies away. On Christmas-eve we play for gin-bread nuts, and apple-fruits, whilst the poor children sing outside the doors about Christmas joys and the infant Jesus—and that brings the tears in my eyes, although I am so inwardly glad."

Thus the current of conversation ran rapidly on, whilst the vehicle moved slowly forward on the sandy road.—*Rambles, &c.*

by Hans Christian Andersen.

FOOT-FAIR COMPANIONS.

Our names were not asked, but our country, every one got a name after some remarkable man or woman there, and thus we formed a circle of celebrated personages. I, as a Dane, was called Thorvaldsen; my neighbor, a young Englishman, Shakespeare. The student himself could not be less than Claudius; but with our three opposite neighbors he was somewhat perplexed. One was a young girl, about eighteen years of age, who accompanied her uncle, an old apothecary, from Brumwick; he was at last obliged to call her Miss Mumme, and the uncle, Henry Love.

But the last of the passengers was quite anonymous, as we could not find any famous characters in that otherwise salt-producing town, Lyneborg, whence she came. She was, therefore, a step-child; and it appeared as if she had often been treated as such, for she smiled with a strange sadness, when we could not find a name for her in the society. This circumstance caused me to regard her more particularly. She was about fifty years of age, had a brown skin, and some traces of the small-pox; but there lay something interesting in her dark eyes—something deeply sad, even when she smiled. We heard that she kept a school for young girls in Lyneborg, lived quietly there in a small house, and had now, for the first time, but only for a few days, been in Hamburg. I scarcely heard her speak a word the whole way; but she smiled kindly at the young girl, every time she laughed heartily at what was said.

In the midst of us chatters she was the most interesting to me, on account of her silence. As we rolled into Lyneborg's narrow streets, where the houses stood in the moonlight, so old, and with their pointed gables, so cloister-like, I heard her speak for the first time:

"Now I am at home!" said she.

We alighted; the old apothecary offered his arm to conduct her home—it was close by—and the rest accompanied her. It was about eleven o'clock; everything was still in this strange old town; its houses, with pointed gables, bow windows, and out buildings round about, looked singular in the bright moonlight. The watchman had a large rattle, which he made pretty free use of—sang his verse—and rattled again.

"Welcome home, Miss!" said he, in the midst of his song; she nodded, and mentioned his name as he went up the high stone steps—here she lived. I saw her nod her farewell, and disappear behind the door.—*Rambles, &c.*, by Hans Christian Andersen.

CHINESE QUACK.

How this gentleman's travel has puzzled me: I have met the same man at a distance of more than a hundred miles; I presume he must always keep to the canal country. His parapluia occupy a large space; he is peculiar in many things; he wears a tail, but makes up for it with the dirt he carries. The whole fraternity have the same idiotic look which characterises the Buddhist priest, whom they much resemble in appearance. He displays the jaws and bones of the tiger, elephant, shark, whale, in short of almost all animals, diseased livers, tumours, &c., sea-weeds, gigantic funguses, in short everything that is horrible and disagreeable. If he succeed in decoupling a patient, he, besides supplying medicines, punctures or inserts hot needles into the diseased parts, or burns moxa upon it, chancing all the time amid the fumes of incense and candles. Before leaving he loads the patient with medicines of a very harmless nature for a trifling sum, and pays the most profound respect and attention to all suggestions or questions from the crowd.—*Forbes's China.*

MUSIC OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music, that such little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that, at midnight, should hear, as I have very often, the clear air, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord! what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!—*Izaak Walton.*

SORROW.

"Sorrow—sorrow—full of sorrow;
No stone within the street
But if it could accents sorrow—
Would no self-same strain repeat?"

Youth of streams, friend of the wave,
Wafty manhood downward buried;
Age, but with one last assurance
Centered in another world!

Sorrow—sorrow—full of sorrow,
Year to year we onward go;
Seeking her in the morrow—
Which, when she comes, receives us so?"

Oh, affection, friend, kindness,
Often ye are found to sleep
Often pass ye by in blindness,
Wretches that but live to weep."

by Hans Christian Andersen.

THIS WORLD AND ANOTHER.

He who considers this earthly spot as the only theatre of his existence and his grave, instead of his first stage in progressive being, can never view nature with a cheerful, or man with a benevolent eye.—*Popes to Swift.*

SECRET OF THE BROCKEN.

Goslar now lay behind me; between the mountains the road led past a mill, where the merry journeyman was struggling in the doorway with a girl, to get a kiss.

A steep bank, where the yellow ochreous earth shone forth, rose close by, with the ruins of an old watch-tower. The prospect now became more extensive; Ockel-dalen (the Ocre-dale), with its smelting-huts, lay around us. The black smoke curled in the air, and contrasted strangely with the blue-white mists about the mountains. The fierce red fire burnt within the huts, and the smelted ore ran down, like lava, with green and white flames, into the gutter over the floor.

A little path led us over field and meadow, into the green leafy wood, which, however, soon changed for the old dark pines. Round about were several springs of water, so that the earth in several places stood in a marsh; and my guide plumped in to the knees. We met several wandering students, in white traveling blouses, and with flowers in their caps; another party had three or four large dogs with them, and looked not unlike Carl Moor's troopers. The forest resounded with whistling and shouting, but I neither saw nor heard any other birds in that large and quiet forest.

Of the ruins of Haarzburg there was too little to see, and of bushes round about there were too many, so that there was scarcely any prospect. We came up with a wandering postman, who was going to Blankenburg; he told us that on this road, within the last two years, there had been many "Spatzbeuen" (knaves and robbers), and that even now it was not always safe at night; and strange enough it was, that as he told this, the forest at once became thicker, much darker, and consequently, also, far more sombre.

A thunder-cloud gathered over us, and the first discharge of heaven's artillery rolled between the mountains as we entered the village of Ilsenburg.

The baronial castle here is finely situated but appeared somewhat ruinous. The turrets grew up high before the walls, whence the red fragments of stone had fallen down into the river.

The Brocken was quite enveloped in the large thunder-cloud, which darted its lightning down amongst the pine-trees; yet after a rest of a few hours, I determined to ascend the mountain.

A fresh guide announced himself, the thunder was past, and we set off through the beautiful valley Ilsedel. "Beautiful!" How little does there lie not in the mere word? Yet the painter himself, cannot with his living colors, represent nature in all its greatness; how then, should the poet be able to do it with words? No; could tones become corporeal; could we paint with tones, as well as with pen and ink, then we should be able to represent the spiritual, that which seizes the heart when the bodily eye sees a new and wondrously charming scene of nature.

The river Ilse ran on with a stormy current by the side of our path; high pine-covered mountains lay on both sides. The naked rock Ilsestein, with a large iron cross on its highest point, rose perpendicularly in the air; it made one's neck ache to look up to this height; and yet when we stand on the Brocken the eye looks far down in search of it. The opposite side is a rocky wall of similar exterior; everything around indicates that these rocks, by some mighty convulsion of nature, have been driven in, thereby forming a bed for the river Ilse. In this mighty rock, the legend lives, the beautiful Princess Ilse, who, with the first beams of the morning sun, rises from her couch, and bathes herself in the clear stream; happy is he who finds her here; but only few have seen her, for she fears the sight of man, though she is good and kind.

When the deluge blotted out man from the earth, the waters of the Baltic also rose high, up into Germany; the beautiful Ilse then fled, with her bridegroom, from the northern lands here towards the Hartz, which is a large island amid the stormy sea. The rock on which they stood then trembled under them; an immense cleft opened itself there, and threatened to tear them away; still they held each other's hands, the sides were bent forward and backward; they fell into the rushing flood. From the river Ilse has obtained its name, and she still lives with her bridegroom within the rocky wall.

We proceeded further into the forest; the way began to wind upwards towards the Brocken; the declining sun could not shine between the thick pines, round about lay the hums of charcoal-burners, enveloped in a bluish smoke, so that the whole had a still, strange and romantic character.

The road went more and more upwards;

round about lay enormous masses of rock. The river rushed over the large blocks, and formed a succession of waterfalls. Sometimes the channel of the river was hemmed in between two narrow cliffs, where the black stream then boiled with a snow-white foam; sometimes it rushed on, broad and uncheck'd, between the fallen pines, and caressed the large green branches with it.

As we continued to ascend, the bed of the river became less—the stream diminished as it were, to a spring; and at last we saw only the large water-drops that bubbled forth to the moss.

The Brocken gave me an idea of a northern tumultus, and that on a grand scale.

Here stone lies piled on stone, and a strange silence rests over the whole. Not bird twitters in the low pines; round about are white grave-flowers, growing in the high moss, and stones lie in masses on the sides of the mountain-top.

We were now on the top, but everything was in a mist. We stood in a cloud.

A choir of music sounded clearly from the inn up here. There were about forty travelers there; some of them had brought instruments with them, and were playing merrily from "Fra Diavolo," "Masaniello," and other popular pieces.

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As we continued to ascend, the bed of the river became less—the stream diminished as it were, to a spring; and at last we saw only the large water-drops that bubbled forth to the moss.

The Brocken gave me an idea of a northern tumultus, and that on a grand scale.

Here stone lies piled on stone, and a strange silence rests over the whole. Not bird twitters in the low pines; round about are white grave-flowers, growing in the high moss, and stones lie in masses on the sides of the mountain-top.

We were now on the top, but everything was in a mist. We stood in a cloud.

A choir of music sounded clearly from the inn up here. There were about forty travelers there; some of them had brought instruments with them, and were playing merrily from "Fra Diavolo," "Masaniello," and other popular pieces.

As we continued to